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POEMS

URSULA C. SHAW

Gift of
Eleanor B. Shaw
Feb. 9, 1934

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NOTE

These poems, which have been collected in manuscript and clippings form, seem to fall into three groups.

The earlier poems (1852 to 1856) signed May Marble, were probably written during residence in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Twenty-five years elapsed before the next group, written chiefly for the Fall River Daily Evening News; this group, signed "C. G.," covered a period of nearly ten years.

The later poems bore no dates or signatures, but various circumstances pointed to the years of residence in Watertown, Mass., (1900 to 1912), as the period in which they were written.

Eleanor G. Shaw,
Catherine S. Creasey.

Ursula Clifton Gwynneth, eighth and youngest child of John Gwynneth and Ruth (Dickerman) Gwynneth, was born at Raynham, Massachusetts, July 21, 1832. When she was a very small child her father took passage on a sailing vessel engaged in the lumber trade between Fall River, Mass., and points in Cuba, in the hope that a sea voyage would benefit his health. The ship and all on board are supposed to have been lost in a storm that occurred shortly after they left port as the vessel was never spoken, and no one on board ever heard from afterward. Her mother's death followed a few years later and the little girl was brought up by her father's sister, Eleanor (Gwynneth) Harridon, who lived a few miles away.

Educated in the village schools of Raynham and Titicut, and later in the High School at New Bedford, she taught for a number of years, in Easton and New Bedford, until her marriage with Orlando Hamilton Shaw, of North Middleboro, on June 8, 1861.

Of their four children the oldest died at birth; the other three, Eleanor Gwynneth, Hubert deGrover and Catherine Clifton, are all living at this date (1932). Living successively in North Middleboro, Fall River and Watertown (Mass.) until 1912, she came with her husband and oldest daughter to Florida, where she died, at Gainesville, March 11, 1915.

A quiet but devoted member (from young womanhood) of the Congregational Church, she lived a life of service to her family and neighbors, giving as much time as her busy days afforded to her beloved flower garden and to writing. Such of the poems as have been preserved are now collected in this little volume.

"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—Is. 64:11.

Winter's last morn had dawned; and spring's bright fairy scenes
Gleamed in anticipation.
Brightly before each eye: Winter had sped its flight,
Till its last day appeared and the next rising sun
Should usher in sweet spring, that harbinger of flowers.

Brightly that day had dawned, clear and unclouded,
But old Boreas with rude, ungentle hand held sway
And swept with whirlwind power o'er earth,
Marring the stillness of that fair Sabbath morn!

Borne on the air comes the soft sound of church bell's chime
Bringing sweet thoughts and holy—And like the voice of angels
Hovering in kindness near, bidding the heart of man
Rejoice before its Maker.

Scarce had that invitation to the house of prayer ceased
E'er it was followed by a cry so shrill it seemed
The last cry of despair, and "fire, fire" echoed afar,
While from the house of God burst forth the livid flame!

Wild was that scene, terrific,
And clad in fearful beauty, as wreath on wreath of flame,
Mixed with dark clouds of smoke, soared upward,
Thickening the air!

Who of that throng could guessed one hour ago
The voice of that old friendly bell whose welcome tone
Had oft called to the sanctuary, had sent for the last time,
Its loved and loving note to hearts o'er which it held
An influence all its own!

Higher, yet higher still, mounts the fierce element
And from the summit of the lofty spire borne off upon the wind
The flames leap on with fury strange, threatening destruction
To each dwelling nestling there near to the house of God,
The visible gate of Heaven.

Now falls the stately tower.
And now methinks I hear from that old solemn bell,
One note, one last deep tone more fearful in its strength
Followed by echo's voice, fainter and fainter still
Tolling its own death knell.

'Tis over now! The scene, the fearful scene is passed;
And crumbled in the dust, smouldering in its own ruins,
Lies the unsightly pile.
'Twas once the joy and pride of old and young.
Alas, 'tis now a fearful sight and every passer-by,
With eye averted, shall pass quickly from the spot,
Fearing to thus behold the consecrate and holy,
In one short hour, no more.

May Marble, Feb. 29, 1852.

AFFLICTIONS

(To the widow of the late William Pratt, whose afflictions during the past few years have suggested these lines, they are respectfully dedicated.)

Thy hand hath pressed me sore, oh, God,
In vain my soul hath turned
To earth for comfort, 'neath Thy rod—
Thine anger fierce hath burned.

Too much have I delighted in
A fair and loving son,
Thou took'st him from this world of sin
Short was the race he run.

My throbbing heart could illy bear
The burden Thou hast given,
My Absalom, the brave, the fair,
For whom my heart was riven.

But oh my soul not yet had learned
To recognize Thy hand,
And yet one more for whom I yearned
Was severed from our band.

A partner and my guide was gone,
My counselor and friend,
In darkness I must journey on
Alone till life shall end.

Oh would this had been all, but no
The cup was not yet filled;
Not all the bitter draught of woe
For me had been distilled.

Widowed and sorrowing I wept,
Beside my youngest born,
A mother's heart by grief o'erswept
Alone can know the pang.

As o'er her coffined form I bowed,
And offered up a prayer
That Thou whose wisdom sent the cloud
Would'st keep me from despair.

And teach my burdened soul to seek
To do my Father's will,
Thy grace Thou hast promised to the meek
And Thou wilt sure fulfill.

And now when called my home to leave
In this dark, fearful hour,
I'll suffer not my soul to grieve
But trust Thy guardian power.

Thy providence shall work Thy will
But I shall be secure,
Though storms may Thy behest fulfill
Thou'lt give me strength to endure.

May Marble, Mch. 3, 1852.

THE RUINS

One day amid my rambling
I strayed, in pensive mood,
Where late a stately dwelling
In graceful beauty stood.

Sheltered by over-arching trees
That clustered round the spot
Whispering to every passing breeze
Whose gladdening touch they sought.

The fiercest element had late
Destroyed that dwelling fair
And left to tell its fearful fate
A pile of ruins drear.

And sadly drooped each withered bough
In sympathetic grief
"Alas for hearth and home laid low,
Alas for joy so brief."

Oh thus it is with human hearts,
Old age may bow the form,
The once light step may trembling move
But hearts are ever warm.

And oft in effort vain I've seen
Old age with palsied arm
Seeking to interpose a screen
To shield youth from the storm.

Or if it otherwise must be
And naught avert the blow,
Unshrinking, like the blasted tree,
They'd share in every woe.

May Marble, Mch. 10, 1852.

LINES

(On receiving a geranium leaf which I pressed in my Bible.)

What hast thou given to me?
No princely gift—no rich and costly gem—
No treasure rare—no earthly diadem
Is this I see;

No fairy gift or dower—
No spell of might—nor loves eternal chain
That binds in one, two hearts no longer twain,
By its own power.

Thou hast not searched for me
The caves of ocean's bed so long concealed
Or sought a theme from out that fearful field
For poesy!

Not e'en a mountain's brow
Or forest deep and lone hath known thy tread,
No thought from life, no memory of the dead
Thou bringest now.

A single fragrant leaf
Thine hand bestows—enough, the gift shall bring
Visions of joy for thee, nor round them fling
One thought of grief.

A fair, though fragile thing,
'Tis bright and beautiful, but frail as youth,
Yet shall its odor like undying truth
Around it cling.

Then on this sacred page
I'll place thy gift, an emblem of thy life,
Oh may'st thou too find refuge here from strife
In youth and age.

One prayer for thee, my friend,
May lessons gathered here their grace impart,
To guide and bless thy young impulsive heart
Till life shall end.

May Marble, Mch. 20, 1852.

THE BIRD OF OMEN

(A tiny black bird fluttering in sank down beside my chair)

Whence comest thou, and wherefore sent,
  Bird of the sable plume?
What mission thine, and what intent
  Hast thou toward my home?

Say, wherefore, wherefore hast thou sought
  An entrance at my door?
Hast thou for me sad tidings brought,
  Are those I love no more?

Doth sickness, sorrow, death, brood o'er
  My own, now far away?
Doth the dark cloud of trouble lower
  Or sorrow dim their way?

"No such intent or purpose mine,
  No tidings fill my breast.
I bear to thee no word or sign
  To break thy spirit's rest."

"Sore wounded by an archer's bow,
  In haste I sprang away,
And recked not where my wing might go,
  Nor paused to choose my way."

"Confused by pain and weak with fear,
  No longer could I fly;
My wing was powerless, and here
  I downward sank to die."

Then rest thee here, sad stranger, rest.
  No fear thy heart shall know.
Kindly I'll lave thine aching breast
  And sooth thine every woe.

A cushioned nest I'll place thee here,
  Within this shady tree,
Let kindness lull thy every fear,
  No danger shalt thou see.

And when thy limbs again are strong
  And thou thine own would'st see,
Go, birdling, but return ere long
  With a sweet song for me.

May Marble, June 13, 1852.

("Next to God and Mother I love Sister best.")—Georgie Davis.

Beside me stood the prattling boy,
With rosy cheek and bright,
His raven eye upturned in joy
Beamed with its own love light

As one by one he counted o'er
Familiar household ties,
And sought to span affection's store,
For each he learned to prize.

"And Mother, you have often said
That I my God must love,
That when my life on earth has fled
I then may live above."

"And next to God, sweet mother, thou
Art dearest far to me,
No other love shall ever bow
My heart so willingly."

"And many other friends are near
On whom my heart may rest,
But next to God and mother, dear,
I love my sister best."

And sister's love thou too shalt share
Oh may it ever be
Seeking from Heaven, with earnest care,
Its blessings rich for thee.

May Marble, Oct. 24, 1852.

TO BESSIE

(Lines on the death of her brother, suggested by her own words)

Never again, oh, ne'er again
Will my heart leap up to the joyous strain
Or bound as in former days so free
To the stirring sounds of minstrelsy.
It's holier, solemn notes alone
Have power to waken an answering tone
In my heart, whose life was bound in thee,
My loved, lost Willie.

Never again can childhood's eye
Though it beam on my pathway lovingly,
Or its rosy lip or its fair bright hair,
Or its sunny brow undimmed by care,
Or its silvery laugh's wild melody
Bring aught but a mournful thought to me.
Thou too wert fair and bright to see!
My loved, lost Willie.

Never again will scenes we know—
The fair green earth, the ocean blue,
Or the deepening shades of evening skies
With their starry gems, like angels' eyes,
Bring to my wearied spirit rest,
Since thou art gone, the loved and best,
Who once might share these joys with me.
My loved, lost Willie.

Never again can voice of friend
Cheer with the bliss it once might send,
My struggling heart still pants for thee,
Whose voice was sweetest far to me,
And "brother" by affection spoken
Brings anguish to my heart, now broken.
I ne'er can joy apart from thee,
My loved, lost Willie.

Yet ne'er again we'll meet on earth,
Thy place is vacant at our hearth.
Never again thy garden flowers
Shall know the hand of former hours.
Each well known spot, to thee once dear
Is charmless now thou art not here.
Alone how dark this world to me.
My loved, lost Willie.

May Marble, Aug. 16, 1853.

LINES

(Written on the departure of a sister who had been visiting me)

I'm lonely, sister, lonely
Though friends are kind to me.
No sister's smile beams fondly
In the home that shelters me.
Though fair are earth's green lanes
And Nature's book is free,
I mourn the past glad hours
When I communed with thee.

Then morning's golden sunlight
Enriched the perfumed air,
And evening's pensive twilight
Made all around us fair.
And bird and bee were flinging
Music's enchantment round,
And bright, fair flowers upspringing
Did all our path surround.

Then might we seek together
Sweet words from genius' pen,
Those silent friends had never
Seemed kindred hearts as then.
Nor dreamed I that the fairness
Of morn's or evening's ray,
That music, love and happiness
With thee would pass away.

Earth's garden now is wildwood,
And music fled with thee.
Not e'en the laugh of childhood
Has pleasure now for me.
Thou'rt gone, my heart is saddened,
A spell seems o'er me thrown,
Naught hath my spirit gladdened
Since last I heard thy tone.

May Marble, Oct. 22, 1853.

A THOUGHT OF THE PAST

(A reply to the question "What are you thinking of?" proposed to me by my mammie.)

I was thinking of the past, the days of childhood's glee,
When the sunshine and the flowers would bring such joy to me.
Oh! childhood's scenes are bright, ay, far too bright to last,
Yet the smile dwelt on my lip as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, when childhood's trials came,
Of the first dark hour of grief that could my laughter tame.
Oh, childhood's grief is wild, ay, far too wild to last,
Yet the tear bedewed my cheek as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, when my youthful days were here,
And fond friends clustered round, and love had conquered fear.
But youthful days, though fair, may not forever last,
Yet the smile dwelt on my lip as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, youth hath its grieving, too;
It's blighted plans and hopes, too many, though but few.
Though youthful griefs are deep, like youth, they do not last,
Yet the tear bedewed my cheek as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, those scenes of earnest life
Which unveiled the heart's deep thought, with glowing beauty rife,
Though earthly bliss like this may be too frail to last,
Yet the smile dwelt on my lip as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, of those darker shades of woe,
Those heavier trials far than youth or childhood know.
E'en maturer griefs and cares will not forever last,
Yet the tear bedewed my cheek as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past when spirit joys were shed
With gladdening radiance down upon my drooping head.
Of a Saviour's smile, enjoyed e'er my heart's first love had passed,
And the smile dwelt on my lip as I thought upon the past.

I was thinking of the past, yea, of the present too,
When grief o'erwhelms my soul, and "fallen" echoes through.
Temptation's subtle hand its wily snare hath cast,
And fresh tears bedew my cheek as I think upon the past.

May Marble, Dec. 10, 1853.

THE MORNING CALL

Waken to life again!
The hours of darkness and rest are gone
And morning's golden prime glides swiftly on.
Not many such will life afford to thee,
O mortal, thou may'st not an idler be.
Waken to life again!

Waken to life and love!
To all earth's travelers hath this boon been given,
Some kindred heart, a gift to earth from heaven.
The happiest claim not more than this below,
None are too wretched this fond bliss to know.
Waken to life again!

Waken to life and joy!
Not all of life is grief, not all is night.
Gladness and joy oft come like morning light.
Earth opens many pleasure founts to thee,
Mid all let heavenly joys thy chiefest be.
Wake thou to life again!

Waken to life and care!
Let the oppressed, the grieved, the stranger's heart
The loved and loving in thy care have part.
Care for the gay and happy, but increase
Thy tenderness and care as joys decrease.
Wake, wake to life again!

Waken to life and grief!
Turn not from life when joys from thee depart.
Grief hath a needful, though hidden part.
In thine own sorrows calm and patient be,
When others grieve show them a friend in thee.
Waken to life again!

Waken to life and toil!
Thy Master labored, scorn not thou to be
A follower of Him who ransomed thee.
But cheerfully obey this call of love
Till wakened to an endless life above.
Waken to life again!

May Marble, Mch. 27, 1854.

THE SONG OF THE BLUEBIRD

Spring is coming, spring is here
Rang the bluebird's roundelay,
As with tuneful voice and clear
He sang the livelong day.
And a gleam of hope and of comfort smiled
In every tone of that melody wild.

For it called bright visions forth
From the sunshine of today
And back to his stormy North
Dread Winter sped away.
And that song the weary in heart could cheer
For the spring is coming, sweet spring is here.

And poverty's weary eye
With unwonted radiance shone,
And turned once more to the sky
Cheered by that hopeful tone.
For the Father's hand who that comfort gave
Hath power from life's every ill to save.

In life we have naught to fear,
In death is the victory ours.
E'en disease and age may hear
His voice, nor dread His powers.
By that spring bird taught thou may'st learn to cheer,
Bear up, thou faint-hearted, the spring is near.

May Marble, Mch. 1, 1855.

PANSIES

("And pansies, that's for thought.")

No living beauty is in thy form
Though bright and fair to see.
Nor quivering dew, nor sunbeam warm
May throw its grace o'er thee.
Yet thy still, pale face a lesson brings
For thou speakest to me of immortal things.

Ah, well it is said thou art for thought.
Thy spell seems o'er me thrown.
Unfading now, thou changest not,
Decay thou ne'er hast known.
Oh, dost thou not shadow by thy bright fate
The unchanging life of that better state?

Fain would I dream that unchanged like thee
As meekly bright and fair
I might pass from time to eternity
To dwell forever there.
In its fullest bloom my heart would go
Where decay or change it might never know.

May Marble, 1855.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Is. 33:17.

Wanderer on life's dark mountain,
Weary hearted, faint and lone,
Closed to thee is pleasure's fountain
And earth's cheating smile has flown;
But not so the heavenly promise,
"Thine eyes shall behold the King"
And that far off land of beauty
Thou may'st freely enter in.

Mourner for the loved and lost ones,
Ere those pearly tear drops fall,
Lift thy gaze where Hope's glad finger
In bright rainbows blends them all!
Gaze, till from that clime Elysian,
Brighter gleams thine heart entwine,
For to bless thy raptured vision
Waits the King in that fair clime.

Thou too, guileless one and trusting,
Dark and false can this world be,
But a far off land is beaming,
Beaming truth and purity.
There the King in beauty dwelleth,
There thy God is known as Love,
There glad praise from each heart welleth,
Filling heaven's high dome above.

Come, oh, come, each soul immortal,
Let thy heart in faith draw near.
Seek of that far land the portal,
All may gain admittance there.
Thine own eyes and not another's
Shall that King in beauty see,
That far peaceful land forever
Shall thine endless dwelling be.

May Marble, Jan. 7, 1856.

THE STAR OF LIFE

(Lines suggested by Fanny's gift.)

In my happy infancy,
In the hour of childhood's glee,
An approving mother's smile
Beamed the star of life to me.
But that gleam of holy light
Mid earth's darkness might not stay,
And, as sinks the sun at night,
Fading, passed that star away.

Childhood henceforth knoweth tears;
Grief and tears before unknown.
Crushing sorrows, quivering fears,
Weighty troubles all its own.

Swift from youth to womanhood,
Girlhood's bounding pulses fly!
Beaming in hope's arching blue
Soon a star attracts my eye.

And a wealth of love untold
Far beyond my wildest thought,
Doth my trembling heart enfold,
Bliss till then unknown, unsought.

And that burning ray I dreamed
Came the guide of life to be,
For its steady radiance seemed
As the star of life to me.

Lord, 'tis Thou that hast recalled
Every prop Thine hand hath given,
Teaching thus that not on earth
Rest is found, alone in Heaven.
Let the day-star of Thy love
Hence the guide of life's path be
And the hope of rest above
Be the star of life to me.

May Marble, July 4, 1856.

LINES

On finding an unknown flower.

Thou art a stranger here, fair flower,
For few have known thy birth.
Unsought thou'lt pass thy life's short hour
And silently flit from earth.
Thy beauty and worth are unknown to fame,
Thy praise commands no tongue.
Among our names thou hast found no name,
No home our homes among.

Our fate, our life, our lot is one.
Thine image brings to me
No hope by duty nobly done
To win earth's sympathy.
More favored spots to each hath given
A home and the love of friends,
But the hand of time hath those ties riven
And the joy of our summer ends.

Yet not the less hast thou sought to shed
Thy beauty around thy way,
Upholding in brightness thy golden head
Through many a weary day.
And I, like thee, will struggle on
With an eye toward that better shore
Where sadness shall be forever gone
And the friendless find friends once more.

May Marble, (New Bedford), Oct. 28, 1856.

GONE

Gone in his strong and manly youth,
  Out of our world (though we're needing such)
All eager for action, athirst for truth,
  And hoping to learn and do so much.

Out of the struggle, the brave endeavor,
  The earnest girding for coming strife,
Gone to the calm of the grand forever,
  Gone to the test of that unknown life.

And what career, oh Father of spirits,
  Opens for him in those unseen spheres?
What is that life which his soul inherits
  Who had but begun his earthly years?

Here labor and pain and education,
  And hopes and fears and conquests of sins,
And the solemn sense of Thy great salvation
  Had but brought him where earnest life begins.

And just as we looked for great achievement,
  Hoping much from his strength and worth,
There came a blank—a sudden bereavement,
  For God had taken him from the earth.

Yet it is not for sleep or inaction, surely,
  And who knows where there was need for him,
Let us leave him to God and trust securely,
  Till to us all is clear that is now so dim.

And we'll look to see in that heavenly land
  Great deeds by that brave young spirit wrought,
A nobler career than our hopes had planned,
  A wider range of life and of thought.

And when he may follow his soul's grand story
  In that city unclouded by sorrow or sin,
From strength to strength and from glory to glory
  We'll thank God that thus early he entered in.

(1879)

LINES

(To the family of the late J. O. Westgate, in their sudden and terrible bereavement.)

Oh, Father, whose almighty hand
Supports us every hour
Whose word alone can bring relief
In this, life's bitterest hour.

Let Thine own healing power be given
As neath Thy rod we bend,
Nor fail the promise which we trust
To guide us to the end.

Mrs. O. H. Shaw, 1879.

IS THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?

2 Sam. 18:29.

Safe? Is there any safety, brother,
Where lurks a bitter foe,
His every footstep tracking,
Where'er his path shall go?

Is there safety on the high road,
Where covered slime-pits lie
To ungulf the unguarded and unwarned
Who enter but to die?

Is there safety at the wine-cup,
Though lured by beauty in,
Where, 'mid the joy of pleasure's glow
Lurks the foul serpent, sin?
Is there safety where deceit holds sway,
And stamps 'mid lines of care,
God's curse, and fallen manhood's shame,
Upon a brow once fair?

Is there safety in the printed page,
Ne'er hallowed by a prayer,
That God would own and bless its words,
Oh, is there safety there?
Canst thou be safe in thought or deed,
Which thou wilt wish undone
When God's own call shall summon thee,
Oh Absalom, my son!

Is safety e'en in God's own house,
When falls the pulseless prayer,
And Christ's sweet pitying love for man
Can find no followers there?
Where self and greed stand unrebuked,
Man scorneth brother man;
And fashion wins by far more thought,
Than God's redemption plan!

Oh great I Am! Let waiting eyes
Thy full salvation see!
Our yearning hearts plead that our sins
May safety find in Thee.
Let truth divine prevail on earth,
Honor and justice reign,
Till God our counsellor shall be,
And His right arm sustain.

(Written for The News) —Mater Familias.

A TRIBUTE

Out of earth's weariness; out of the care
That shaded each line on that brow once so fair;
Out of the toil that so often oppressed
The dear loving hands now soft folded to rest.

Out from the tears that in sudden surprise
Would dim, in their fullness, the sweet pleading eyes,
Out from all sorrow, out from all pain,
Never to droop 'neath life's burden again.

Into a friendship that knoweth no strife,
Into new duties, new labors, new life,
Into a sphere where the Master shall send,
Into existence which never shall end.

Into the light of the heavenly day,
Into such joy as no pen can portray,
Into the paths but by angel feet trod,
Into the presence and "welcome" of God.

Gwynneth.—(For The Progress.)

A FRAGMENT

"Going forth from Egypt they enter the land formerly settled by their ancestor, Abraham, but in which he had only secured the possession of a burial-place."—Rev. Dr. Duryea.

That pilgrim heart loyal to God's command
  Bade long adieu to each familiar face!
And far from home, seeking in stranger's land
  An earthly rest, found—but a burial place.

So my sad soul, thou'lt find 'twill ever be
  With every earthly joy thine eye shall trace.
Here thou may'st not its glad fruition see;
  It blossoms but to find a burial place.

Yet shall we not, trusting God's promise given,
  Though our heart's wealth be buried 'neath the sod,
Lift up our soul's unwavering hope to heaven,
  And find our treasures yet, safe with our God.

C. G. (For The News) March 23, 1880.

LINES

(Suggested by remarks on the life of Abraham, by our pastor at Bible Class, Monday evening, Sept. 13, 1880.)

Called, in his manhood's strength,
That brave, true heart,
Hears first the Master's voice,
"Arise!" "Depart."
Nor shrank though ills beset
The path he trod!
Pilgrim on life's rough road
Hope thou in God.
He leadeth thee, as once
He led him on,
Who e'en at God's command,
Gave up a son.
Oh eyes that weary are,
Hear what he saith.
Oh hearts that are so sore,
Seek Abram's faith.
Thus saith thy God to thee
At every call,
"By this I'll know thy faith,"
Thou givest all.

C. G.

RESPONSUM

To Deacon and Mrs. Benjamin Earl, suggested by reading the account of their golden wedding.

Oh, golden day of wedded bliss!
  Oh, hours of calm repose!
Bright gleaming sunset time! Can earth
  Give aught more fair than those?

Thine in the freshness of life's spring,
  The joys of hope and youth—
The griefs, the cares that life must bring,
  The strife for God and truth,

Have all been thine, thy feet have trod
  The paths we all shall tread—
Thorns, with the flowers, have decked the sod
  O'er which thy pathway led!

And ye have known the palsying fears,
  To all earth's dreamers given,
Have wrestled oft in prayers and tears
  Seeking thy strength of heaven.

But, Brother, Sister, tell us true,
  In freest hour from pain,
Hath earth brought aught so fair to you,
  Ye would live o'er again?

Would'st seek once more its sunny bowers,
  Again its perils face,
Recall to earth those past glad hours,
  That, flitting, left no trace?

Ah no! This life thou'st nobly run,
  And ye shall soon begin,
That heavenly race where His "well done"
  Shall be thy welcome in.

C. G., Dec. 4. 1880.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

"And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Is. 9:6.

All hail the king, whose lowly birth
We celebrate today!
Let every nation on the earth
A loving tribute pay.
For us the Blessed "Son of Man"
Hath left His throne on high,
Then shout with glad acclaim who can,
Till praises fill the sky.

The "Wonderful" in works and ways,
Can all life's woes assuage;
The "Counsellor" our paths shall guide
From youth to hoary age.
The "Mighty God" whose arm sustains
Unnumbered worlds above;
"The Everlasting Father" now,
Reveals to us His love.

Sweet "Prince of Peace," shall mortal man
Reject Thy proffered aid?
Or scornfully despise the plan,
Which Thine own wisdom made?
Forbid it, Heaven, nor let one soul
Distrust their power to save,
Or fail to reach the heavenly goal,
Since Thou the ransom gave.

Let the whole earth Thy glory see,
And praise Thee more and more,
Till virtue, peace and purity
Shall reach from shore to shore.
Then hail, all hail, this blessed day,
When Christ, the Lord, was born;
Let heaven rejoice and earth be glad
On this bright Christmas morn.

C. G. (For The Progress), Dec. 25, 1880.

A NEW YEAR'S WELCOME TO THE NEWS

(Presumably a unanimous expression of the feeling of all its subscribers.)

Again we hail thee, NEWS, with kindly cheer
And greet thy coming on this glad new year.
Again our eyes turn joyfully, to see
Thy friendly face, and glad our welcome be.

The news with which thou comest, grave or gay,
Shall well repay our searchings day by day.
For thou wilt tell of farthest zones that lie
Beneath a tropic or a polar sky.

Wilt tell of accident, of trade, or weather,
Of things abroad and things at home, together.
Wilt for the suffering wake sweet pity's pain,
Or bold, denounce unhallowed greed of gain.

The cause of God, of justice and of truth
Thy welcome page shall teach our rising youth.
Or, with a manly tenderness assuage
The fears and 'plainings of declining age.

We look to thee, old friend, on thee depend
To guide, to teach us, to direct, befriend.
In temperance and in freedom's cause lead on,
Nor shall thy voice be lost, brave champion.

For as these circling years, successive, run
Still numbering to death's silence, one by one,
The seeds of truth, now scattered by thy hand
Shall rallying legions summon to thy band.

And till eternity with time shall meet,
Humanity's great pulsing heart shall beat
In glad attune with thine outspeaking voice,
To bid the mourner and the oppressed rejoice.

And he who sits above the circling years
Who dries the widow's and the orphan's tears,
Shall to his faithful servants say "well done,"
Nor fail to count thee, faithful NEWS, as one.

C. G., Jan. 1, 1881.

(EDITORIAL IN THE FALL RIVER DAILY EVENING NEWS
OF JANUARY 1, 1881.)

"Our readers will not omit to read the poem in this issue entitled, 'A NEW YEAR'S WELCOME TO THE NEWS.' It is from the pen of one of our highly cherished correspondents, whose pen has often added interest to our columns, and from whom we hope to hear more frequently hereafter. It stirs our inmost emotions to be so happily surprised with evidence that our efforts in journalism are so highly appreciated. We have tried to do our duty as well as our means would allow and not to swerve from what seemed the right path as viewed from our standpoint. While we wish that more good had resulted from those efforts to instruct, enlighten and guide, especially the young, in the path of rectitude and a godly life, we are encouraged to go on persistently in the good old way, giving sin and vice no quarter, calling things by their right names, expose sham, encourage well doing and aiding as far as in us lies to help on the cause of truth, temperance, public spirit, honesty, private and public, and make everybody happy if possible. We therefore appreciate the spirit and good cheer of the poem and respond by wishing the author and all our readers, friends—enemies, if we have any—and the public in general, one of the best and happiest New Years ever yet vouchsafed by the Divine Father."

I WISH!

"Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap,—as wishing."—J. G. Saxe.

I wish the Muse could find a theme
Beneath this searching sun,
To fill with inspiration's glow,
The heart of everyone.

I wish the power of word were mine
That, as with living fire,
To paint the cause of Right and Truth,
And lift the nation higher.

I wish that every heart and life
Were holocaust, so pure,
That 'gainst the o'erwhelming tides of sin
'Twould stand forever sure.

I wish the glad triumphal shout
Of God's millenium,
That day of righteousness and joy,
To waiting earth would come.

I wish I could but meet again
In realms of endless peace,
That band of true hearts, gone before,
Where all our wishes cease.

C. G.—1881.

INAUGURATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD

What mean these martial strains
  Of music, soft and sweet?
What means this ceaseless tread
  Of swift and hurrying feet?
Why beats the nation's heart
  With pulsings glad and free,
Why turns each loyal soul
  In yearning prayer to Thee?
God of our nation! Rest
  Thy blessing on our choice,
And may this chosen of our sons
  In Thy rich grace rejoice!
In Thy pure counsels may he rest,
  In Thine own strength be strong,
That future ages well may link
  His name with Washington.
C. G.—March 4, 1881.

LINES FOR DECORATION DAY

Once more we come, our sacred gifts to bring,
  Once more thy shaded walks and pathways tread.
Mingling our tributes with thy flowers, oh spring,
  Our tears thy dews among, oh city of the dead.

Vain is our aching heart's appeal to thee,
  As kneeling there, beside their lowly bed,
Longing once more our loved, our lost, to see,
  We cry, "O Earth, give back, give back our dead."

They are not here but dust to dust is given;
  And death hath triumphed o'er each drooping head,
Yet, by our faith, shall soul meet soul in heaven,
  Our loved, our living there, no longer dead.

C. G.—(For The News), 1881.

PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT

To Thee we come, oh, pitying eye,
In mercy wilt Thou hear;
Turn not away the nation's cry,
Nor slight her falling tear.

Oh, righteous Judge, our nation's God,
Thy promises we plead.
Ask and receive—thy words record—
In every hour of need.

We ask, oh Saviour, hear us now.
We seek, let Thine arm save.
Knocking, we at Thy footstool bow,
His life from Thee to crave.

Thou gav'st (we bless thee for the gift)
The leader of our land.
Darken their counsel who would lift
'Gainst him the assassin's hand.

Give token of Thy mighty power
E'en death and life to hold.
Comfort Thy people in this hour,
As in the days of old.

C. G. (For The News) Sept. 8, 1881.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

Hark! how the solemn pealing bells,
Borne on the midnight air,
Softly echo their sad farewells
Mid our tears of dark despair,
As we think once more of that pallid brow
Whence the passing soul has fled,
And feel that "our nation's boast" e'en now
Is numbered with the dead.

One trembling thrill, like a flashing thought,
And a world-encircling pen,
The unwelcome tale to each heart hath brought
By sea or by mountain glen.
And a deepening pang succeeds our fears,
And though sorrows may naught avail,
We join in a nation's mingling tears,
And echo a nation's wail.

C. G., Sept. 19, 1881.

(Mr. Editor: The new national anthem, GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT FROM EVERY HARM, by Harrison Millard, which has so completely won the hearts of the citizens of our own and sister states, and of every lover of "music for the people," seems so appropriately befitting the memorial service of Monday night, we have taken the liberty of suggesting the following lines as adapted both to the music and the occasion.)

ANTHEM

TUNE: God Save Our President.

Mourning our President, in grief today
Suppliant before Thy throne we humbly pray,
Thou wilt our nation guide, Thou Lord of us all.
Keep by Thy mighty arm, sustain lest we fall,
Let now Thy ways appear, guide by Thine eye,
God save our native land, to Thee we cry.

God save our native land, our country bless.
Lowly the nation mourns in deep distress;
Lift not in anger now Thy swift avenging rod,
Blot out a nation's sin, oh, pardoning God.
Thousands of earnest hearts unite today;
Grant us Thy presence, Lord, we humbly pray.

God save our native land from all her fears.
God wipe with gracious hand a nation's tears.
Henceforth to Thee we turn, a loyal band,
Banner of truth unfurled, with heart and hand.
Great judge of all the earth, on Thee we call,
Bless Thou our native land, God over all. Amen.

C. G. (For The News) 1881.

MORNING MIST

Sunlit wreath of goldy whiteness,
  Guarding rifts of blue,
Softly shading vale and hillside,
  Hath earth need of you?

Image ye, to hearts weary,
  Visions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  Where the weary rest.

Saith thy fleetness to the mourner,
  "It is not for long,"
And thy weakness to the faint heart,
  "God can make thee strong?"

Born on earth, yet heavenward straying,
  Ye have seemed to me
Like the soul of mortal, drifting
  Toward eternity.

And the lessons of thy beauty
  On my heart impressed,
Echo words of holy record,
  "This is not your rest."

C. G. (For The News) 1881.

AUTUMN SHADOWS

I marked how the changeful shadows fell,
As the autumn days drew nigh;
How the mournful voice of the restless wind
Came laden with many a sigh;
How the nestling had flown from the leafless tree,
As its boughs grew brown and sere,
As the muffled hum of the honey bee
Seemed mourning the altered year.

And I thought of life's shadows with changeful spell,
On each flower of youth's springtime cast,
How the joys of our laughing summer time
Have proved but a wreck at last;
How our spirit's song like the surging winds
Is burdened with sighs and tears,
For the nestlings flown and the friendships gone,
As we mourn our altered years.

C. G. (For The Progress) Oct. 24, 1881.

THANKSGIVING REVERIES

Oh, these sweet, swift years, succeeding fast,
In their ceaselessly onward flow,
How they bring o'er my soul a dream of the past,
And a memory of long ago—

As they picture the home of my childhood's years,
And the hopes of my youth, long fled;
And mingle once more, 'mid smiles and tears,
The faces of my dead.

And I watch them, as one by one they go
Back into the beautiful past,
And feel that though slowly or swift their flow,
Each numbers one nearer the last.

That only a few are left to us now
Of these years so sadly sweet,
That there comes no break in their rapid flow,
Nor rest to our wearied feet—

Till the pulsing tide shall reach that shore
Where abides an eternal rest,
And "Thanksgivings" shall swell forevermore
Through the hearts and the homes of the blest.

C. G. (For The News) Nov. 24, 1881.

THE SABBATH CHRISTMAS

Glorious things of Zion spoken,
  Long by prophet bard foretold,
Bring to us this day their token
  And to faith their joys unfold!
Christ, the Lord, for sinners slain,
Born to die, yet lives again!

Angels in yon realms of glory,
  Higher yet His praises sing;
As they chant sweet Bethlehem's story,
  Earth born babe their heavenly king!
Christ, the Lord, for sinners slain,
Born to die, yet lives again!

Fairest record of earth's pages!
  Sweetest hope to mortals given!
Only fount all grief assuages,
  Peace to hearts with sorrow riven!
Christ, our Lord, for sinners slain,
Born to die, yet lives again!

C. G. (For The News) Dec. 25, 1881.

PROGRESS

In every age, since time was young,
True Progress hath been said and sung
The hope of nations! And today
We but endorse in humble way,
The truth which sages long have taught,
And poets sung, and scholars thought;
That he whose feet would reach the goal,
Who'd live, his own name to enroll
Among earth's brightest sons, or best,
Must ne'er from ceaseless efforts rest;
But toil, or delve, or strife, or run,
Nor weary, when it's but begun!
"Still onward," let his motto be
Who hopes accomplished deeds to see;
And ever to true progress lend
His cheerful aid till life shall end.

C. G. (For The Progress.)

THANKSGIVING SONG

From your homes of wealth and splendor,
Come, ye rich and gay,
Clad in robes of shining beauty
Rivaling the day,
Come and praise the God of heaven
For the comforts He hath given!

Men of learning, rank and power,
Holding earthly sway,
Rendering a nation's tribute
Lead ye forth the way!
Heartfelt praise to God our King,
With the voice and spirit sing.

Humbler notes join in your chorus,
Feebler voices raise
Swelling songs of adoration
To the God we praise.
God our Maker, Saviour, King,
Grateful tribute now we bring!

Grant that years to come still find us
Hastening to Thy feet,
With thanksgivings for Thy mercies
And with praises meet!
And when life on earth is passed
May we see Thy face at last!

C. G. (For The News) Nov. 29, 1882.

NEW YEAR WISHES

"If wishes were horses,"
As the old legends say,
The noblest of our coursers
Were well matched today
By the warm, kindly greetings
Of heart and of tongue,
Thy well known face wakens
Our household among.

Thy plea for the truth
Ever earnest and strong,
Has strengthened our right
And has censured our wrong;
And, as a tried friend
We welcome thee here,
Dear News, with the wish
Of a "Happy New Year!"

Nor are we content
Thus to wish thee in store,
A single New Year,
But a dozen,—a score—
In fact our heart's wish
We are free to confess,
Is, in truth, that thy shadow
May never be less.

C. G. (For The News) Jan. 1, 1883.

SNOW CROWNED

O'er the cold earth, all bare and brown and sere,
O'er seam and scar, o'er rough and rugged wild,
O'er naked branches, quivering as in fear,
Lifting beseeching hands like pleading child,

Some pitying angel stooped with tender care,
And lightly drew God's mantle, snowy white,
And pressed it on earth's bosom everywhere
Covering her toil stained robes with radiant light.

And much we marveled when the morning sun
Revealed each snow capped stone, and twig and mound;
How fairer than her fairest self she seemed
Thus with fresh graces from her Maker crowned.

And, haply, if our heart hath read aright,
The heavenly lesson thus to mortals taught,
Our faithless lives revealed to heavenly sight
May seem with His all cleansing graces fraught,

And we may find, when to the morning light
Of that far heavenly shore our feet have trod,
Some pitying angel stooping through earth's night
Has softly clothed us with the garb of God.

C. G.—1883.

SCHOOL TIME

Again the merry school bells' chime
Salutes our listening ear,
A welcome summons bringing thus
In kindly tones of cheer,
And trooping through each forest path
And o'er each grassy plain,
From river side and mountain cot,
Our wee ones come again.

With eyes brim full of laughter,
With sun-kissed cheeks aglow,
With merry shouts of friendly call
Or whispered greetings low,
From hours of brightest pleasures,
From wearied weeks of pain,
They come, our household treasures,
With eager steps again.

To do, with earnest heart and will,
With manly truth obey!
To dare, with God and right to stand,
These, form their tasks today.
And may He who the sparrow holds
Within His sheltering hand,
Guide by His eye and guard from ill
The youth of our fair land.

C. G., Sept. 3, 1883.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

Filling my hands with gathered seeds
From faded garden bowers,
Brings o'er my soul a happy glow,
Like garlands of fresh flowers!

For each suggests the form and hue,
Of its own lovely prime;
And each one bears a promise true
Of glorious summer time.

But, gentle student, speak they not
To thee in dreamful hours
Of something in their lowly lot,
That seems akin to ours?

Born of the dust, like them confined
To prison house of clay,
Toiling in painful dark unrest,
We crumble to decay.

And lo! as from each buried seed,
Upspringing bright and fair,
There comes a flower, unlike indeed,
The form we planted there.

And yet its own true better self,
Its normal form of life,
Out of its darkness into day!
Its glory after strife.

So shall our own, each human form,
Through darkness and unrest,
A hidden germ of beauty prove
In gardens of the blest?

Unlike in seeming, yet the same,
When like earth's beauteous flowers,
Our forms have fled to swift decay,
Our souls to heavenly bowers!

C. G., Easter, 1884.

THE EARLY RAIN

I listened at my casement to the gentle tapping rain,
As in soft and tuneful numbers it murmured on the pane,
And woke responsive echoes in my wayward heart again.

And I queried of its teachings, "come these lessons but to me?"
Are they lost within the wildwood haunt on upland, hill and lea?
And drowned by restless surgings by the all-engulfing sea?

Bear they no mystic meaning to all earth's listening ears?
No language to the hungering soul but in fancy or in fears?
No lessons unto faith made plain from the eternal years?

Can we hear their murmurous accents and miss that voice divine,
Whose love in subtlest symphonies all nature's notes combine,
And in glad choral tributes our hearts with His entwine?

O, sordid soul, earth-clogged and faint, O, leaden-weighted eyes,
Hast thou forgot thy native air and sold thy heaven-born prize,
And failed to read in nature's song the rhythm of the skies?

C. G., 1884. (For The News.)

HEART PICTURES

"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. 127:2.

Drowsy lids of tender brightness
Sinking soft to rest.
Parted lips of dewy sweetness.
Babe upon my breast!
O'er thy young soul fond dreamland pictures creep,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!

One round arm the head encircling,
Face upturned in joy,
Dimpled cheek a soft hand pressing,
Rests my rosy boy!
None save God's angels neath that curtain peep,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!

Pearliest gem of womanhood,
First blossomings of grace,
Love, innocence and purity
Blent in thy sweet young face,
O'er thee, the undefiled their vigils keep;
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!

Manhood's brow, serene and fearless,
Alike 'mid storm or calm,
Shadowing rock of fond hearts clinging
To thy sheltering arm,
Naught may disturb thy restful slumbers deep,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!

Trembling age, from whom bright visions
Long have passed away,
Mourning eyes with tear-drops brimming,
Waiting for the day.
No longer mourn, no longer sorrowing weep;
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!

Weary traveler o'er life's desert,
Toiler in the sun,
Soldier, faltering and disabled,
Ere the battle's won,
Yet bear thou on, thy rich reward to reap,
When He shall give to His beloved sleep!

C. G. (Written for The News).

(Note:—The sweet lines by our ever welcome contributor, C. G., entitled Heart Pictures, which we print in another column today will be read and appreciated by every lover of the beautiful in poetic literature.)—Editor of The News.

TO NELLIE

Thanks for the breath of springtime
Your woodbine leaflet brings!
Thanks for the song of gladness
Its wavy brightness sings.
Thanks for its tales of summer hours
And of skies more softly blue,
Of your gladsome welcome to summer flowers,
And to bird, and bee, and dew.
It brings one more message my soul to fill,
"The heart of my darling is loving still."

1885.

A WELCOME TO SUMMER

How glad beneath the sunny sky
  Of thy first coming, beauteous June,
In sweet and dreamful rest to lie
  And list the wild bird's merry tune!

To wander far o'er hill and lea,
  Decked with soft tinted, fragrant flowers,
Thy fresh unsullied beauties see,
  And worship 'mid thy sacred bowers.

Our reverent hearts attuned by thee,
  Read hallowed lessons from thy sod;
In thy sweet gifts the Giver see,
  Through Nature look to Nature's God.

C. G.

FRANK H. ALMY

"And He was not, for God took him."—Gen. 5:24.

Over life's stream, though faint hearted and weary,
We've bent to our oars through the toilsome night,
Encouraged ofttimes by thy tones brave and cheery
To still labor on for the truth and the right.

Thy bright sunny smile, and thy heart's hopeful gladness
Oft seemed a new life and new power to impart,
Renewing our strength and removing our sadness
Till we caught of thine own hopeful spirit a part.

And we knew not the light and the joy of thy spirit
Was the earth shadowed gleam of that heavenly shore,
Nor that beams from the land where the angels inherit
Betrayed thine approach to that far Evermore!

"He hath walked with his God and was not, for God took him"
Is the sweet hallowed record that short life hath given.
Now the joys of the Lord and of angels await him
For we know that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

C. G., 1887.

RETROSPICERE

(Listening to one of our city pastors. 2 Tim. 2:19).

Oh living words of sacred truth!
What power is thine to bring
Back o'er the sad, sin-wearied soul
The memories of life's spring!

The right resolve! The hallowed prayer!
The earnest vows of then,
Surge backward o'er this heart of mine
And I am young again!

"I will be thine! Record my vow!
Thou knowest all thine own;
Thy name professed, no cherished sin,
Shall stain my life or tongue."

I list me now those sacred words!
"Oh Father, know'st thou me?
Can one who bears so little fruit
Thine own disciple be?"

"So different life's reality
From youth's fond hope hath been,
I scarcely dare to trust that Thou
Wilt name me Thine again."

C. G.

MARAH

Exodus, 15; 23-25.

Where grew that tree whose healing breath
E'en Marah's springs could bless,
And turn to soul-rejoicing draughts
Her dreaded bitterness?

Hath no eye pierced that leafy shade,
No foot its glad soil trod,
No heart of faith its power assayed
Since Israel pled with God?

Left it no scion where it grew
Our thirsting souls to save,
Sweetening with God's own promise true,
Streams where earth's sad hearts lave?

Oh, Israel's Leader! While we march
Through all life's wilderness,
Grant healing from Thy tree of life
Each bitter fount to bless.

C. G.

A TRUE FAIRY STORY

A fairy came to my home one day,
All dressed in the purest white;
Not wrinkled and old, as the story-books say,
But winsome and sweet, in her frolicsome way,
And merry, and happy, and bright.

How she looked, of course, you will want to know,
And whether she stayed with us long,—
If she ate, played and slept when the children did so,
And whether, like them, on her feet she could go,
Or flew like a bird along.

And so, little friend, in my rhyming way,
I'll try to tell you how
Though our Fairy could eat, drink, sleep and play,
In all of her life but one word could she say,
And that little word was "Now."

When neated at morning, or neated at night,
She always one ornament wore,
A curved little crescent, jetty and bright,
Which showed very plain on her dress of white,
But never anything more.

So we gave to our Fairy that pretty name,
And called her "Crescent" you see
And she always seemed pleased with our little name
(Although 'twas a title unknown to fame)
And as happy as happy could be.

And the dear little Fairy one winter day
Strolled off from the house to the wood,
And brought back,—"oh, the funniest thing," you'd say
If you could have seen it that winter day,
That ever a fairy could.

'Twas a fat little squirrel, merry and bright,
With cheeks that were plump and round,
And eyes—as bright as the stars in the sky,
And feet—so nimble they seemed to fly,
As he scampered over the ground.

And we kept Fairy's squirrel for many a day
And watched him o'er and o'er,
And laughed to see him frisk and play,
And when he had hidden his nuts away
To roguishly beg for more.

Now dear little friend, the story is true,
And I want to tell you, that
The Fairy whom we all loved so well
And to whom at the last a sad mishap befell,
Was our dear white Pussy-cat.

THE CLEANSING OF NAAMAN, THE LEPER

Assyria's leprous chief
To Israel's God had sought
And proudly asked relief,
Viewing the gifts he'd brought.
And by the prophet's mean abode
He paused, to meet the man of God.

A message came. — It said
Let Jordan's billowy wave
Seven times o'erflow thy head,
Seven times thy bosom lave.
"'Twas all the Prophet bade me say.
Do thou the Prophet's voice obey."

The haughty chieftain's ire
Was kindled as he spoke.
His dark eyes, glittering fire,
The inward thought bespoke.
"Is not Abana better far
And Pharpar than these waters are?"

Jordan's the stream of God
Whence Israel's pleasures flow.
Abana, Pharpar are the world
With all its gaudy show.
My soul, thine own true witness be,
Are Israel's waters best to thee?

KEPT

There's never a word in the Bible,
More glad and sweet than this!
It falls on the ear like music
From realms of perfect bliss!
"Kept" by the love of Jesus.
"Kept" by almighty care.
Oh what a world of meaning
Lies safely hidden there.

When the wild storm is raging,
And clouds obscure the blue,
Oh, Christian, look beyond them
To where the light breaks through!
Darkness can never daunt him,
He sings amid each gale,
For "Kept by God" he knoweth,
His mercy will not fail.

In times of want and famine
Such may not yield to fear;
The raven who fed Elijah
Is ever hovering near.
'Twill bring thee crumbs of comfort,
'Twill feed thee, night and day,
For he that is "kept" is never
Forgotten by the way.

So there's never a word in the Bible
More glad and sweet than this,
It falls on the ear like music,
From realms of perfect bliss.
"Kept" by the love of Jesus,
"Kept" by almighty care.
Oh what a world of comfort
Is hidden for us there.

GOD'S SANCTUARY

Our God is never so far off
As e'en to think Him "near."
He is within us! Our own soul
The home He holds most dear!

To think of Him as "by our side"
Seems almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
The starry skies of blue.

So all the while we think ourselves
Homeless and lorn and weary,
We ought to walk the earth with joy,
Ourselves God's sanctuary.

Two eyes with coin weights shut
And we're at rest.
Two pale hands folded soft
Above our breast—
Two white lips closed and mute
And all strifes cease,
Two feet forever stilled
And we're at peace.
So pray we oftentime, mourning our lot.
God in his patient love answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed,
All for His praise,
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways,
Two eyes with eager look
Searching His will,
Two lips that by His grace
With live words thrill,—
If by such life of love, Thee best we please,
Father, forgive those erring prayers, and grant us these.

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